Haue you ſo ſlander any moments leiſure
As to giue words or talke with the Lord *Hamlet*,
Looke too't I charge you; come your waies.
Ophe. I ſhall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The aire bites ſhroudly, it is very cold.
Hora. It is nipping, and an eager aire.
Ham. What houre now?
Hora. I thinke it lackes of twelue.
Mar. No, it is ſtrooke.
Hora. Indeed; I heard it not, it then drawes neere the ſeaſon.
Wherein the ſpirit held his wont to walke. *A ſlouriſh of Trum-*
What does this meane my Lord? *pets, and two Peeces goes off.*
Ham. The King doth walke to night and takes his rowſe,
Keeps waſſell and the ſwaggering vp-ſpring reeles:
And as he draines his draits of Rheniſh downe,
The Kettle Drumme and Trumpet, thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Hora. Is it a cuſtome?
Ham. I marrie iſt,
But to my mind, though I am natiue heere
And to the manner borne, it is a cuſtome
More honourd in the breach, then the obſeruance.
This heauie-headed reuell East and West
Makes vs traduc'd and taxed of other Nations,
They clip vs Drunkards and with ſwiniſh phraſe
Soile our addition, and indeed it takes
From our atchieuements, though perform'd at height
The pith and marow of our attribute,
So oft it chances in particular men,
That for ſome vicious mole of nature in them
As in their birth wherein they are not guiltie,
(Since nature cannot chooſe his origen)
By their ore-grow'th of ſome complexion
Oft breaking downe the Pales and Forts of Reaſon,
Or by ſome habit that too much ore-leauens
The forme of plauſiue manners, that theſe men
Carrying I ſay the ſtampe of one defect

Being

Being Natures liuery, or Fortunes ſtarre,
His Vertues els be they as pure as grace.
As infinite as man may vndergoe,
Shall in the generall cenſure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of eaſe
Doth all the noble ſubſtance of a doubt
To his owne ſcandall.

Enter Ghoſt.

Hora. Looke my Lord it comes.
Ham. Angels and Miniſters of grace defend vs!
Be thou a ſpirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee aires from heauen, or blaſts from hel,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape,
That I will ſpeake to thee, Ile call thee *Hamlet*,
King, Father, Royall *Dane*, O anſwere me,
Let me not burſt in ignorance, but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones hearſed in death
Haue burſt their cerements? why the Sepulchre,
Wherein we ſaw thee quietly interr'd
Hath op't his ponderous and marble iawes,
To caſt thee vp againe? what may this meane
That thou dead coarſe, againe in compleat ſteele
Reuiſites thus the glimpſes of the Moone,
Making night hideous, and we fooles of Nature
So horridly to ſhake our diſpoſition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our ſoules,
Say why is this, wherefore, what ſhould we doe?
Hora. It beckons you to goe away with it
As if it ſome impartment did deſire
To you alone.
Mar. Looke with what courteous action
It waues you to a more remooued ground,
But doe not goe with it.
Hora. No, by no meanes.
Ham. It will not ſpeake, then I will follow it.
Hora. Doe not my Lord.
Ham. Why? what ſhould be the feare,
I doe not ſet my life at a pins fee,